

Iron County Register

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E. D. AKE, : : : : EDITOR.

VOLUME XXIX. NUMBER 4.

IRONTON, MO.
THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1895.

OPENING AND CLOSING OF MAILS

IRONTON POST OFFICE.

Morning Mail—Night Trains. Opened at 7:00 a. m.
Day Trains. Closed at 7:30 p. m.
Evening Mail—Day Trains. Opened at 2:30 p. m.
Night Trains. Closed at 7:55 p. m.
Money Order business opens at 8:30 a. m. and closes at 4:30 p. m.
Office hours on Sundays and holidays from 7:30 to 9:00 a. m., 1:30 to 3:00 p. m. and 6:00 to 7:00 p. m.
Patrons of the office will please take notice and govern themselves accordingly.
A. F. VANCE, Postmaster.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Is the aggregate sum to be \$275, \$550, or more?

A reply to "A Friend's Advice" will appear next week.

See the call of the Democratic Executive Committee.

The bridge at the Oliver House crossing is being thoroughly repaired.

Dr. Strong's new carriage shed is crying for a coat of beseeching paint.

County Court met in special term yesterday, pursuant to call—all three judges present.

And still the major part of the burnt district serves to remind us of the ideo of December, 1892.

The fast mail, north bound, was three hours late Friday. Caused by some mishap beyond the confines of this division.

The City Council held a special meeting yesterday, and, among other proceedings, the horse ordinance passed its second reading.

A Blue Ribbon Fair will be held in Bellevue, on Saturday, August 17th, of which more particular notice will be given hereafter.

The Y. P. S. C. E. Society will give a Lawn Fete at the Presbyterian church yard Thursday evening, Aug. 1st. All are cordially invited.

Jas. H. Clark, Register of the Land Office here, left for Libertyville yesterday, to attend to the probating of the will of the late Judge C. P. Clark. He will return in a day or two.

Our long-time and esteemed venerable friend, C. Lashley, Esq., the other day brought to the editor a basket of plums. The fruit was duly appreciated and agreeably disposed of.

A son of Wm. Patterson of Marble Creek split his right foot open yesterday, necessitating his coming to Ironton for treatment. The wound is about three inches long, and will probably disable him for some weeks.

The sweltering weather of the week preceding was delightfully succeeded yesterday morning by cool northerly breezes. A drop of twenty degrees in an ordinary July is as refreshing as a mint julep, and pretty nearly as popular.

After a full hearing yesterday, twelve good and true men declared Ferdinand Immer "of unsound mind and a fit subject for the lunatic asylum." Accordingly, Sheriff O'Neal will take him to Fulton, starting this evening.

We understand it is the intention of the City Fathers to replace the present wooden culvert with tile, the change to be made as the old water-ways and bridges wear out. It is a move in the right direction, and will save money in the end.

There will be preaching, followed by communion service, at Fort Hill Methodist Church Wednesday night this week. Rev. N. B. Henry, the P. E., will conduct the services. All are respectfully invited.

J. M. ENGLAND, Pastor.

"Have tried others, but like Ayer's best" is the statement made over and over again by those who testify to the benefit derived from the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Disease never so great an enemy than the powerful blood-purifier. It makes the weak strong.

Robert Stewart, a blacksmith of Sabula, had a rather singular accident last Monday. While shoeing a horse, and just as he had started a nail into the hoof, the animal jerked his leg loose, the protruding nail tearing the muscles of the smith's arm for two or three inches. It made a painful and ugly wound, and he came to Dr. Strong for treatment.

This town was considerably stirred up last Thursday over a report that Gradin had been destroyed by fire the night before, but as the evening papers said nothing about it the excitement was allayed; and later the rumor was completely discarded. How the report started is one of those things no fellow can find out.

There is a marked discrepancy between the number of dog-tags sold in this town and the voluminousity of yelp, bark and howl on calm summer nights. Twenty-eight dogs would have to strain their innards out of all shape to produce the choruses that sometimes enliven the bounds of the corporation of the City of Ironton. But, perhaps, with the free and unlimited coinage of silver an *fair account* of the returns may be freer, fuller and more postponing.

A few nights ago, about the hour of eleven, the citizens of the south end of town were startled by an unusually loud gun or pistol shot; but no further cause of alarm appearing, they drowsily turned to the other side and calmly went to sleep again. Next day, Mr. Barnhouse was surprised to find a bullet-hole through the front door of the store, and, tracing the course of the missile, he further portions of a desk on the inside. More closely pursuing his scrutiny, he located the bullet, which is now in his possession. It is a .38. Who fired the shot, or whether it was wantonly or accidentally done, is one of the unknown things which tend so often to the security of violators of the law.

These pleasant words come from two of our most esteemed contemporaries, the *Dunkin Democrat* and the *Scott County Newshy*—given in the order named:

"The IRONTON REGISTER is 28 years old and 26 years of that time it has been under the editorial and business management of Eli D. Ake. The Register is the strongest paper, editorially, in Southeast Missouri, and there are few plainer-spoken or more energetic writers in the state than Mr. Ake."

"On the 6th inst. the IRONTON COUNTY REGISTER was 28 years old. The present editor, Bro. Ake, has been connected with the paper ever since its first issue. It is one of the best and most ably conducted newspapers that come to the *Newshy* office."

Last week we made a brief mention of the accident to Judge C. P. Clark, of Libertyville, expressing the hope that it might not be so serious as then believed. Unhappily that hope was destroyed by a complete knowledge. The unfortunate man while driving a team of unruly horses was run away with and in the final crash had his skull fractured, beside suffering severe internal injury. The best medical aid proved fruitless, and death ensued the succeeding Saturday. He passed away quietly and resigned to his fate. Judge Clark was born in Perry County, Sept. 15, 1838, removing with his parents to St. Francois county in 1847, where he resided ever since. He leaves a mother aged 86 years, and four brothers, to mourn his departure. Two of these latter are residents of Texas, one is a citizen of St. Francois, and the fourth is Jas. H. Clark, Register of the Land Office in Ironton. Judge Clark was an estimable citizen, having more than once been honored with public preferment; and his death is a great loss to the community of which he was a member.

A man, almost a dwarf in size, and aged about thirty years, came to Ironton about four weeks ago. His name was Lewis Maberry, and he came from the southern end of the county. The poor fellow was sick, suffering from gravel. He had neither home nor relatives, nor anywhere to lay his head—his lodging was indeed on the cold, cold ground—and he made the court-house grounds his abiding place, sustaining life as he could by donations from the officials and sympathizing neighbors. About ten days ago, Mr. Mark Lashley carried about a subscription paper and raised a portion of the sum necessary to have an operation performed, and last Friday Drs. Lowry and Marshall took from the unfortunate man the stone of his affliction. His condition was such that for recovery there was about one chance in a hundred; yet for a day or two the patient seemed to rally and improve, but Sunday he grew rapidly worse, and next day died. Yesterday morning, while we were conversing with several friends at the door of the courthouse, a one-horse wagon driven by the undertaker came by, going to the Potter's Field. "There goes the last of poor Maberry," said one of them. It was indeed the last of him, so far as human ken may tell. A mangled, deformed body in a cheap box, carted to the pit cheaply dug to hide its contents forever!

"Rattle his bones over the stones—He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!" Life's fitful fever for him is allayed and he sleeps the sleep that levels all conditions and is the only known final recompense for weak humanity's suffering and sorrow. If there be a future bliss he hath sorely earned it.

Pilot Knob Items.

J. Jaquith is visiting home folk for a few days. There is no place like home.

Quite a number of our young folk attended the picnic at Bellevue Saturday and all report as having had a good time. Edward Doyle of Middlebrook was in town Sunday.

Miss Julia Guntion of Ironton was calling on Pilot Knob friends Sunday. The social dance given at Val. Effinger's Thursday evening, was enjoyed by all that attended. GUESS WHO.

"We had an epidemic of dysentery in this vicinity last summer," says Samuel S. Pollock, of Bricefield, Cal. "I was taken with it and suffered severely until some one called my attention to Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It procured a bottle and felt better after the first dose. Before one-half of the bottle had been used I was well. I recommended it to my friends and their experience was the same. We all unite in saying it is the best." For sale by all dealers.

From Annapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell of Marquand were the guests of Mrs. W. R. Lence last week. Mrs. Towl returned with them to Marquand, and Mrs. Lence has gone to join her husband at DeLassus. Three commercial travelers were here at one time Friday. That ought to have been a good day for bargains for our merchants.

Jas. Ruble, an old resident of Vulcan, died last Tuesday.

Scatterville was well represented in town yesterday. There had been some trouble among the family of Alf. Medley and Mr. Eichenberger, and not being able to adjust matters in the Mayor's court, they called on Squire Kitchell, who evened matters up for them to the tune of about eleven dollars each. The big man and the Mayor of Scatterville also visited the city. It appears that they were both in here on the fourth, and both had an adventure. The Mayor had his wagon at the picnic grounds, and, among other things, some bedclothes in the wagon, which were very tempting to a young mother who was carrying a sleeping infant; so she laid the little fellow in the wagon to sleep, and when the Mayor was ready to go, lo and behold! a fine baby with no apparent owner. The Mayor was in a quandary, and his feelings can better be imagined than described; but luckily the mother of the baby came just before the Mayor started for home with the stranger.

The fat man from Scatterville has a dog that he calls Rover. I don't know whether Rover accompanied him on his famous hunt in which he took no caps, or not, but any way he is said to be very much attached to Rover. Well, Rover came to the picnic, too,

and, as many dogs before him have done, he got lost. The fat man was very much put out at this, and went and laid the whole matter before the Mayor, and was on the point of offering a large reward for the dog when he should appear but Rover himself! The fat man, forgetting the august presence of the Mayor, threw up his hat and shouted with delight. He now claims that Rover went back through the woods to hunt.

Wm. Boyl has a very sick infant child. Dr. Rich has pronounced its ailment meningitis.

From Graniteville.

Ed. Register—Mr. J. D. Gresson came up from the bluff to spend Sunday with his family here. Mr. G. reports intensely hot weather in that region. Well, the fact is, it has been pretty hot most every where during the past ten days.

William Raines has bought the Robt. Palmer house, and has moved his family thereto. Price paid \$32.00. Another good bargain has thus been made. House property is dirt cheap in this town at present, and the way things now look 'twill be cheaper yet, as business is still in a suspended state, though we are looking forward for an early and peaceable understanding whereby times will grow brighter. The whole fact of the matter is, too much contention, dissension and other petty disturbances that are continually arising that could otherwise be adjusted, if all parties were to look at matters in a conservative and business-like way. Contracts should be lined up to where made in good faith, no matter what the cost be, and a spirit of good will should predominate, instead of bigotry, arrogance, and selfish moods, which always tend to irritate matters, rather than bettering them. But if a few ignoramuses, are to dictate to the many who are taking a conservative view of a question, who have large interests at stake, and who are consistent in their demands, it shows that we are coming to point where sound sense and cool judgment become a necessity. We take the position that principle and consistency are involved in the present trouble in this place, and unless better judgement and good horse sense is allowed to prevail, we may expect to soon be counting ties to other and no doubt less remunerative quarters. What the outcome of the existing condition of affairs will be we cannot say, but trust that the trouble will be amicably adjusted, and that all will be serene on the troubled waters.

A great many of our town people attended the barbecue and picnic at Bellevue on Saturday last.

We noticed a clipping from the *Dublin Telegraph*, in last Sunday's issue of the *St. Louis Republic*, giving a detailed account of Her. Lillibridge's flying machine, scientifically and mathematically called an aeroplane. The machine, it seems, was purchased by Prof. Fitzgerald of Trinity College, Dublin, who met with slight success. Mr. Editor, and to your many readers of the REGISTER, allow me to give an account of just such a curiosity in our town to-day in fact a fact—the one spoken of in the *Republic*. In this giving an account of the one on exhibition in Mr. George Collier's yard, we don't mean to insinuate that the inventor of the one invented in Ireland had wheels in his upper story, but the person that has invented the one now in our town was by no less a personage than Mr. Freddie Woodward, a college-bred student of Yale University, who has been employed as clerk in the Sycamore Granite Co.'s office here for the past twelve months.

Mr. Woodward told your correspondent that he had been working on this one for two months, and on July 7th, had (as he supposed) it finished and ready for trial. But, unlike Prof. Fitzgerald, Mr. Woodward's machine, made of a few strips of light wood, lots of fine steel and brass wire, and about 36 yards of canvas, about 25 feet long by 7 or 8 feet wide, with a tail about 5 feet long by 3 wide, under which and fastened to an upright or centre-post is attached a seat built for one (only), with pedals for the operator's feet to manage its propelling powers—having 156 feet of air space.

On July 7th the writer herof, in company with two other gentlemen, got a tip as to where Mr. Woodward and his flying machine would make their debut. So about 3 o'clock p. m. we wandered down through the Company's pasture on the east side of town. After a five minutes' walk we discovered the inventor and the successful result of his wheeling contraption lying on top of a long shed in the pasture. We, of course, by our sudden appearance, naturally frustrated the little inventor, while perhaps in deep meditation as to the outcome of his soon-to-be-launched air-ship. We approached, and after a few moments elapsed, he invited us up on top of the shed, ordered four glasses of the best in town, and after we had indulged in the much relished drink, we were asked to assist in his making the attempt. By this time some 25 or 30 people had gathered to the scene of action to witness the aerial performance. Those of us on top of the shed took up the aeroplane, gave her a boost at an elevation of some 10 or 12 feet, but boost she wouldn't—dropping immediately to the ground below. Nothing broke or gave way, however, so we made an other assist, this time carrying the machine some 300 feet away on top of a high knoll. Picking the thing up bodily, we ran a few feet and at the word "let 'er go," she went, taking the prof. and myself with her, when we became entangled in the thousand or so feet of wire. No success in the second round. Round three also proved futile. At the third unsuccessful attempt, the "Prof." concluded to give it up. So we hauled her into port and there anchored the never-to-be-forgotten flying machine, and has August with as many wheels as has August Ricks at his lively stable has left us for the east.

Mrs. E. J. Hitzeman and Mrs. August Block of Bismarck are visiting with friends in town at present.

Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Walsh left suddenly for St. Louis yesterday in answer to a call, saying that their house that is well furnished in the city had been robbed. This is the third robbery of the same premises, we understand, since Mr. Walsh has become owner of the property.

Thoughts and Scenes of an Over-land Trip.

BY REV. J. WILL JACKSON, D. D.

[On the first of June Rev. and Mrs. Henley, of this city, and Rev. J. Will Jackson, D. D., Elder of the St. Louis District, Central Missouri Conference, attended a religious meeting at Caledonia, going from here in a carriage. Each promised the other to write a poem expressive of the views and impressions of the trip, as each experienced them. The following is a fulfillment of that mutual agreement.]

It was on a lovely morning, in the early part of June, When we started on our journey fair to end it very soon;

The summer breeze was bracing, and wild flowers rich and rare, Adorned our way, while singing birds trilled music in the air. Our horses, too, were prancing, and leaped on with gallant speed; As they passed by field and woodland, like the Arab's tight-reined steed;

Our driver held them proudly, as they glided down each hill, As we crossed o'er bridges large and small, o'er rivulet and rill.

Come, listen to my story told of the sights and scenes we saw, While the muse of inspiration charms the picture I shall draw. That journey now completed, and its record briefly told, May be grateful to our memories when you and I are old.

Our days are passing swiftly, as each moment now doth tell, Then let us to each other fill the promise made so well. Our friendship ties may tighten, and, recorded, be on high, But still we must asunder part, for we are born to die.

GOING.

We passed through a quiet village where, on a certain day, Two great and mighty armies met in battle's fray.

'Twas far back into the '60's, this story I now tell, When Arcadia's peaceful valley fair was rent with shot and shell.

There close upon the roadside, near the spot where we passed by, Brave men went forth with courage bold to conquer, bleed, or die.

And there upon the hill-sides, 'midst the silent, breathless dust, They sleep from battle's thunders loud—the unjust with the just.

Passing through that hill-crowned village, the town of Pilot Knob, Where on that day artillery's greed so many homes did rob,

I thought of those brave heroes—of their bodies buried there, And through my stirred emotions crept one lonely, rushing tear.

And there with dear companions, as I think I did understand, My thoughts arose to heaven's God and winged this prayer on high:

"Oh! God of love and mercy pure, lend us thy helping hand, That battle's sickle blade no more shall bleed our land!"

Then we passed a little village, where were clustered neat and still, So many pretty houses white, and they called it Graniteville.

And the name was not misgiven, as we soon did understand, For granite shafts, like mountlet peaks, stood forth on either hand.

It must have been a contract hard for mother earth to fill, To mould so much of granite gray to that rocky hill;

There was granite to the left of us—its boulders on our right, And every way we chanced to look 'twas did understand.

I viewed an antique cottage old, far out upon our way, Where eyes once sparkled love to eyes, and children used to play;

As I rode by in silence—that deserted, old home—stead, I wondered of its children dead—how many now were dead?

Some, no doubt, were living, who there had their bridal day, While yet their tender mem'ries roamed some others far away.

Still there it stood forsaken—all bereft of roof and door, As if to shelter loved ones dear who might return once more.

We did pass another village, as our journey did understand, Where variegated flowers sweet perfumed each yard and nook;

I watched the little children as our journey they did trace, While one little urchin passed his nose close to my face.

I saw two churches stately, as their belfry high they stood, Where meet pure Christian votaries to sing and praise their God.

And for their sweet communions, on His holy Sabbath day, These bells ring forth the Gospel call, "Come, sinner, come away!"

Our road now fringed rich meadows and green fields did clear, The harvest time was coming on and much they needed rain;

The way was dry and dusty, but with steady, lively tread, Our horse and carriage wheels, while gently forth we sped,

We reached our destination midst the welcome voice of friends, And joined them in their greeting sweet, for here our journey ends.

Old friendship ties were strengthened as we talked that afternoon, And I'll cherish pleasant mem'ries of that happy day in June.

It was next day the Sabbath, and the sun rose bright and clear, And children of the Heavenly King came there from far and near;

There in that little meeting house the voice of prayer and song, Rang out in Gospel music high from a happy, Christian throng;

And there in deep contrition bowed, we knelt around the board, And communed in love and charity, with Christ, our risen Lord.

The incense of that communion, like the fragrant morning dew, May perfume my way to heaven, when I bid this world adieu.

Next day was cloudy Monday, and in the early afternoon, We started on our homeward trip, to end it very soon;

Kind friends did gather round us, and press our hands farewell, And the feelings that possessed me then, I shall not pause to tell.

We left fair Caledonia, as I seemed to love it more, And when we'd gotten out of town the rain began to pour;

We drew our wraps about us, and with patience drove right on, For we plains of Ironton home, loved the day got warm and sultry, and I got out and walked,

But to rest our panting horses well my friends sat still and talked.

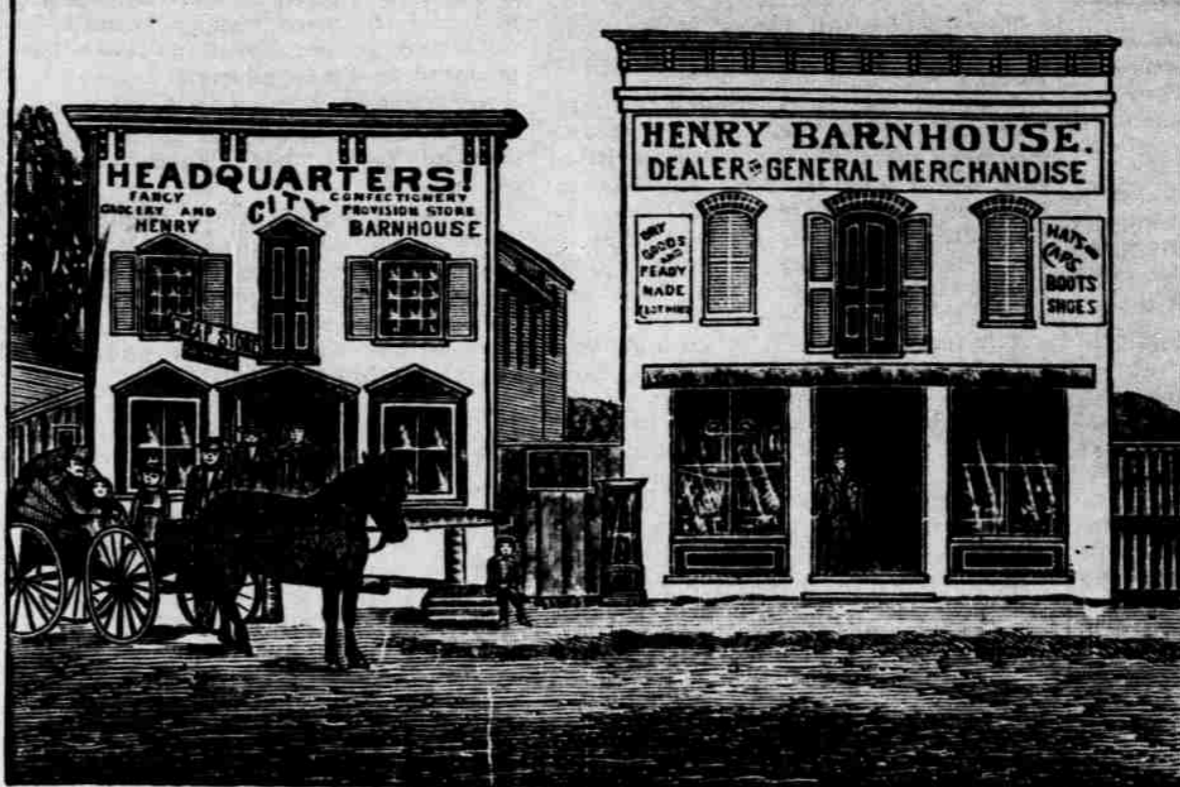
The trip was without incident, and notes I did not take, Except along the highway on, we 'spied a dead black snake.

It was far into the evening when we reached Ricks at his lively stable, and on foot I had to roam;

The trip is now completed, and my story told full well, And now, kind friends, I'll listen to the story you may tell.

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IRONTON, Mo.

HENRY BARNHOUSE.

From Tohi.

Ed. Register—Tolu friends congratulate themselves on being represented on the pages of your valuable paper. As we have no regular correspondent it may appear that our part of the district is on the standstill; but your writer is proud to say that they are all at home, hard at work.

The most pleasing knowledge to all people of this section is that they are blessed with abundance of rain at present, so they are in hopes of making good crops of later growth, though those of early spring are almost a complete failure.

The basket dinner at Sugar Grove, Washington county, last Sabbath, was very amusing to the many who were present, which numbered about five hundred. There was plenty of dinner on the ground. The ordinance of baptism was attended to first, preceding the afternoon services.

The writer is sorry to say that the young man of this vicinity who was employed to teach the school of this district was slighted in his attempt to obtain a certificate. Yet, 'he thanks the authority of granting certificates, and says he can live a moral, highly elevated and a more pleasant life than school teaching.' While this is true, his unsuccessful attempt may change his occupation during life; but by his industrious and energetic work we are sure that he will do his most to make success in life; let his work be what it may. If there isn't room in the Institute for him, he'll push out; there's room in the world, and he'll push till he finds it. As our Institute has proven unvaluable to teachers this year, we censure the authority of inability or stubbornness in making it so, but I see that the committee appointed to propose resolutions have resolved that we congratulate the people of Iron county, for having such an intelligent, enterprising young man for school commissioner; but he exposed his ignorance in language when he said, you have all *did* well," which was dictated by the most ignorant teacher in the Institute. I always thought that an Institute was for the benefit of the teachers, but it took our Prof. the whole month to find out who was qualified by examining them every day during the month, and didn't have time to instruct and train them any. He surely obtained their knowledge of every point, for each teacher used enough paper for examination in each subject to make a book of that subject.

Mr. J. Q. Adams will teach the school of this district. We wish him success. He is an energetic, enterprising young man, and he is assured that he will exercise his best energies and abilities for the success of the school.

Mr. A. L. and Charles Reeves of Steelville are visiting at Mr. Thompson's.

A protracted meeting is continuing at Czar Chapel this week.

TOLU TAFFY.

Personal.

Mrs. W. A. Flowers with her daughter, of Eldon, Iowa, is here visiting her father, Mr. F. Kindell.

Miss Minnie Kindell last Sunday returned from a sojourn in Eldon, Iowa. Bert. Moser went to Kansas City Sunday.

Mrs. F. A. Moser, Mrs. Jno. Newman, Misses Carrie Farmer, Nellie and Bertha Fairchild, Nellie Johnson, and perhaps others, from this vicinity, are attending the DeLassus camp-meeting.

W. H. Byers left Monday morning for Atlantic City.

Mrs. Thos. Beard returned Monday from a visit to her son, Fred Beard, Sabula.

Miss Eda Marks of Cincinnati, and Miss Annie Bobe of St. Louis, are visiting Mrs. A. Roehry.

Mrs. F. Beard, Sabula, is in Ironton, stopping at Thos. Beard's.

Mrs. S. G. Tewiler, of Charleston, is visiting in the Valley for a few weeks.

Miss Beuckemann, St. Louis, is visiting at John Schwab's.

Among the numerous persons who have been cured of rheumatism by Chamberlain's Pain Balm, mention should be made of Mrs. Emily Thorne, of Toledo, Wash., who says: "I have never been able to procure any medicine that would relieve me of rheumatism like Chamberlain's Pain Balm. I have also used it for lame back with great success. It is the best liniment I have ever used, and I take pleasure in recommending it to my friends."

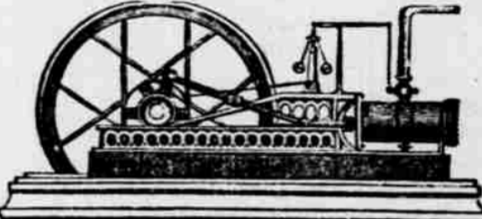
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RICHWOOD 5323.

RECORD 2:36 1/2.

Richwood sired Jenny, 2:18 1/2; Quartette, 2:21 1/2; Actor, 2:26 1/2; Triumph, (3), 2:29 1/2; Norrick, 2:29 1/2; Lady Richwood, 2:29 1/2; Reporter, 2:29 1/2.

STANDARD. RULES 2 AND 6. REG. VOL. VI.

Bay stallion, 1 1/2 hands. Bred by Chas. Backman, Stony Ford, N. Y. BY HAMBLETONIAN, 10.

Sire of Dexter, 2:17 1/2; Nettie, 2:18; Orange Girl, 2:30; and forty others in the list. Sire of 142 producing sons and the dams of Stamboul, 2:07 1/2; Greentander, 2:12; Lakeside Norval, 2:15 1/2; Trinket, 2:14; and ninety-five trotters and ten pacers in the list. Son of Abdallah 1, out of the Charles Kent mare, by imp. Bellfounder. Hambletonian (10) is the grandsire of Goldsmith Maid, 2:14; St. Julian, 2:11 1/2; J. I. C., 2:10 (p), 2:06; Maud S., 2:08 1/2; Sunol, 2:08 1/2; Arion (3), 2:10 1/2; (4) 2:07 1/2; Mascot (p), 2:04; Nancy Hanks, 2:04. Great-grand-sire of Robert J. (p), 2:01 1/2.

by Wilson's SIR HENRY.

Richwood's 1st dam, HOE MARE, Dam of Ridgewood 10358, sire of Ben H., 2:17 1/2; Wanda, 2:25 1/2; Belle of Kalmia, 2:29 3/4; and Glenwood Bell, 2:29 1-4.

by Crocker's ECLIPSE.

by RED BIRD.

NOTE.—RICHWOOD is one of the producing sons of Hambletonian 10, the greatest producing line of speed in the trotting world. He is a marvel of symmetry and perfect action. Considering his opportunity, he has proved a success in the stud, having seven representatives in the list with records from 2:29 1/2 to 2:18. He is as strong and vigorous as a colt and can step an eighth any time in 0.16. His daughter should prove great producers, as well as game campaigners. He is one of the few prepotent living sons of the old "Hero of Chester."

Service to insure Mare with Foal, 1895, \$10.

Season—May 1st to October 1st. \$2 per month for keeping mares from May 1 to Oct. 1; \$5 per month from Oct. 1 to May 1. Not responsible for accidents or escapes. F. E. & G. H. EVERSOLE, Caledonia, Washington Co., Mo.

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